

CARMEL PINE CONE

ISSUED WEEKLY

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

VOL. I, NO. 40

Girls and Women Doing the Work of Boys and Men in London

Scarcity of Men Provides New Employments For Women

The following interesting article and interviews are taken from a London newspaper.

"This war really has some compensations," said the tired man.

"My milkman doesn't whistle rag-time music now. They've turned him into a girl."

And the tired man chuckled.

She is a significant sign of the times; this non-whistling milkgirl, who does her work so quietly in the early morning hours, a new and interesting type among many new types bred by the war. And she is one of a growing sisterhood.

It may be that the lift-girl, who carefully lands you at the wrong floor, was recently a very ordinary school-girl; and would in peace-time have qualified as a typist or a milliner.

It may be that the feminine postman, who double-knocks with uncertain fingers at your front door, might in normal circumstances have become your cook-general.

But in her new sphere the girl who has replaced her brother is growing into a different girl than she would have become in the shop or the office or the kitchen. She has picked up the quickness of the streets.

She has learned to "answer back." She is developing a sense of humor. Perhaps in time she will even learn to whistle.

What the girls think of their new employments is shown in these interviews.

The Commissionaire

"My duties? Oh, light enough in a way, though they make you feel rather slow now and then. It doesn't want much energy to whistle up a taxi, does it?"

"But the uniform! Just look at it! The skirt! Did you ever see such a cut? Why it might have been made for my grandmother!"

"And the hat! How could any girl with an oval face like mine look nice in a hat without a brim?"

"No, the work isn't hard. But the uniform."

The Lift Girl

"I've been here for eight months now, and there's only one objection the ladies are inclined to patronize a bit. One asked me if I'd care to come into her service as under-housemaid. Funny, wasn't it?"

"I was going in for typing, if I hadn't taken to this, but I don't want

to change now. Of course, it won't go on forever. No girl would want that, would she?"

And she showed a little Royal Fusilier's badge.

The Messengers

"It's nice enough when it doesn't rain, riding about on 'buses and things, and going to places. I never knew London was so big."

"Much better than going to school. But some people are so funny. I did laugh the other day."

"I had to take a lot of flowers—just lovely they were—from a gentleman to a lady. Lived in a flat, she did."

"Well, when she saw me—I'm not vain of my looks, but she seemed to think I was the gentleman's friend, and I hadn't even seen the man."

"Why didn't he send a boy?" she says. Quite bit me head off. Jealous, that what was the matter with her."

The Milk Girl

"Suits me all right. Better'n bein' shut up all day in a washhouse. Gettin' a bit cold in the mornin' though."

"I don't think so much of the skivvies who take the milk in. Saucy bouds! They miss the young fellows who used to go round with the cans, that's what I put it down to."

"The Gov'nor says us girls get about our rounds quicker than the boys. That's cos we don't hang about and make eyes at the cook. Oh I know all right; I've been there."

The Tricycle Girl

"It's tiring when the box is full, but I happen to be in the drapery, and the thing don't weigh a lot generally."

"But my shop's at Clapham Junction, and there's an awful hill. I have to go over to the Common. I have to get off and shove."

"Before this I was in service, but it's much nicer bein' out and seein' things."

The Carriage Cleaner

"Carriage cleanin' aint all it might be, but we get decent pay, which is more'n you can say when you're doin' a bit of charin' or office cleanin' unreg'lar like."

"My man was out o' work for a long time an' joined the Army over a twelve-month ago. Dead, sir. Killed almost as soon as he got out there."

The Postwoman

"The work's far more tiring than I ever imagined. My limbs at the end of a long day are absolutely done for."

"No wonder the postman walks badly. There won't be any post-

How Carmel Voted

At the election last Tuesday the citizens of Carmel voted as follows on the various constitutional amendments and referendum measures:

	Yes	No
Direct Primary	57	38
Form of ballot law	62	35
Term of Superior Judges	31	63
Judges filling vacancies	53	38
Rural Credits	60	34
Deposit of public moneys	39	52
Initiative and Referendum	76	18
Condem. for pub. purpos.	50	41
Taxation	13	77
Exemption of property	44	49
County Charters	54	34

Confirmation Lacking

If negotiations now pending are consummated, Cypress Point, the beautiful section along the seventeen-mile drive leading out of Monterey and lying within easy distance from Carmel, will become one of the most beautiful home sites in America.

This should be good news to those who own property in Carmel and at Pebble Beach.

Building and settling up of property adjacent to an established community acts as a stimulus to the older town, increasing property values and promoting improvements.

We are on the verge of big things.

Emerson Hough, the author, is conducting the negotiations for the purchase of the Cypress Point property by a company of Eastern capitalists. It is proposed to subdivide the land into home sites. The Pacific Improvement Company now owns the property.

For Artistic Stationary, commercial and social, the Pine Cone is equipped for doing the highest class work.

women when the war's over I'm sure."

The Bookstall Girl

"Yes, I like it, sir, and I hope they'll keep me. I should have gone into service if this hadn't come along."

"Time doesn't hang; there's so much to look at. And we do see some funny people."

A Mild Hallowe'en

Hallowe'en is o'er. We all breathe easy again. Owners, of property, real and personal, have lost that anxious look, that look of impending disaster. The boys' pranks this year were safe, sane and conservative. A few missing gates, some soaped store windows, and a loosed horse or two is about the extent of the mischief done.

At Arts and Crafts Hall the usual party was held. There were dances, games, charades, songs and eats. The Carmel Card Club, in costume, entered the hall in a body, did a bowing stunt, and sang the following song to the air of "Boola Boola."

A card club is a useful thing
For a few, a few, a few, a few;
But we play better than we sing
To you and you and you and you.
We start at eight and play quite late.
We have no time to sing.
But should our partner trump our ace,
To him we wouldn't do a thing.

Chorus:
Oh the card club, oh the card club,
Oh the card club, oh the card club!
And we play on; yes we play on
Till our hostess sends us home.

Hearts and diamonds, clubs and spades
We always carry in our grip;
But we came here tonight to rest;
So you needn't have a fit, a fit.
We talk, we joke, we play, we eat.
I tell you it's some feat;
But we do not discuss the war
With anyone we meet, we meet.

Mr. Marten, from England, who with his wife is a guest here of Miss E. Harrington, contributed much to the evening's entertainment. His Carmel-by-Sea song will be published in next week's Pine Cone.

Out of the Postoffice

After nearly four years of service to the public, the government, and to two postmasters, W. L. Overstreet's connection with the local postoffice is at an end.

From now on Mr. Overstreet will devote his entire time to his newspaper and printing business and to such public affairs as may claim his interest.

The Pine Cone office is being enlarged to accommodate more type, more machinery and more stock.

Carmel Pine Cone

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W. L. Overstreet, Editor and Publisher

CARMEL, CAL. NOV. 3, 1915

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR
Single Copies Five Cents

If you read it in the Pine Cone,
you may safely repeat it.

A Tribute of Love

The note of reciprocal love was struck oftener than any other at the James Whitcomb Riley festival. Mere admiration for intellectual ability or technical craftsmanship never could have induced such an outpouring of affection from high and low, learned and unlearned, urban and rural folk.

No; the poet's good will, on the waters, returned unto him a hundredfold, literary critics, statesmen, educators, artisans, all joining in the acclaim. Poets have been shown the way to contemporary fame of a wholesome kind, the way of love for man. States have been taught who, after all, are their chief assets.

Analysis of the Election

Because of the result of last week's election—the defeat of all of the propositions but one—some people are assuming that the end of Johnson as a political leader is at hand.

They are mistaken. Many who voted "no" on the non-partisan measure have declared that were Johnson to be again a candidate for Governor or for U. S. Senator they would work and vote for him.

It must not be forgotten that those who promoted the campaign in opposition to the amendments submitted made use of a Johnson-made law to accomplish their ends—the recall and the referendum.

No, it is as has been said, the proposed new laws, except the twelve-year term for judges, are a little ahead of their time.

Furthermore, it is just possible that the people are growing a bit weary of continued and persistent attempts to put new laws on the statute books.

However, there need be no immediate fear that DeYoung-Otis-Spreckels will get a controlling hold on the affairs of California.

Don't Be a Grouch

There is the person who always is chafing—who never is satisfied with anybody or anything. The weather is too wet, or too warm, or too cold; too cloudy and damp, or too bright and dry. The cars are never on time and move oh, so slowly, for that person. From the President down to the janitor, nobody does anything quite right—not quite as the chronic chaffer would have it done. The world is just a bit awry in every particular—heaven itself may have a hard time to impress these chafers that it is perfection. The chafing, complaining habit is not agreeable. It makes life miserable for the complaining one and unpleasant for associates.

Getting Business

The merchant who advertises is the one who does the business in these days of push and enterprise. There are more newspaper readers today than ever. The newspaper places your business under the eyes of the buyer. He sees what he wants and purchases from the storekeeper who advertises his wares.

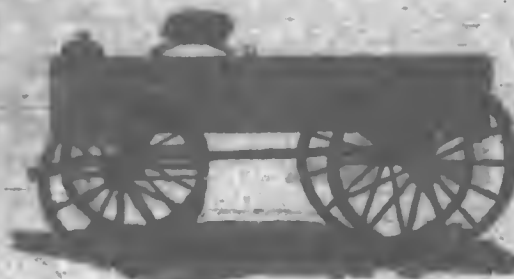
Modern Wizards Meet

Edison and Burbank have met. It was a case of mutual admiration. Each is a genius, and the genius of both differs widely. One knows a great deal about electrical plants and little of botanical plants. The other knows a vast deal about botanical plants and little about electricity.

And yet each feeds his genius upon nature, in her hidden powers and resources. Edison draws out of the depths the mighty, subtle electrical energies and taming them, puts them in harness and hitches them to devices that serve and elevate mankind.

Burbank trains the natural forces to combine in such manner as to perfect plant life or develop new forms of plants.

A confirmed criminal was asked what was the first step that led him to ruin, and he replied: "The thing that led me to my downfall was cheating an editor out of a year's subscription. After I had done that the devil had such a grip on me that I was unable to shake him."



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F. S. SCHWENINGER

Advertise in the Pine Cone

Recently I sat in a train as it rolled through the state of Indiana, and gazing from the window observed in the streets of most towns and villages that something was astir out of the ordinary. Children were moving in singles or in masses here and there as if an excursion were afoot, or other gala event being pulled off.

A local paper enlightened me, and what do you suppose was happening in this land of pumpkins and corn and apple-jack? Why, nothing less than the celebration of the birthday of James Whitcomb Riley, Poet!

Now, in almost any of the effete countries of Europe celebrating their classic gods or crowning the marble brows of deceased poets—or live ones; with laurel wreaths might be expected and permitted, but here in prosaic America—withal, in Indiana! Yet it was so, and America for its first and only time known in history, so far as I know, has such tribute been paid and the poet come into his own, even while living and more or less hearty.

As a rule poets are without renown in their home town and may be precinct. But Indiana declares a school holiday and the whole commonwealth turns loose with its laurel leaves and its pacans, and signalizes the respectability and standing that a man may achieve even if he turns poet.

However, that is neither here nor there; the main thing was that this man has written himself into the hearts of his fellowmen by mellifluous verse as hardly any other in any day or generation, for he has talked in a plain, understanding way and in a language that the heart covets and loves to hear.

High brow critics may dispraise Riley's poetry and stigmatize it as mere rhyme; but what care we for these pedagogic pedants who measure heart beats with a foot rule and the callipers?

So it came to pass on the day I mention, in every school house in

A Poet's Birthday

J. W. Wood, in the Pasadena Star

the Hoosier state, "Little Orphan Annie," "The Ole Swimmin' Hole," "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," and other classics like "When the Frost Was on the Pumpkin," were being recited by fervid children in dramatic and flusterous panic, and all to applauding and approving audiences in that acclaiming land.

It was most fitting that the public schools gave Riley this tribute, and fitting, too, that the children took on the brunt of the occasion, for to children Riley spoke so that they might understand and in a language

any other verse writer in America, excepting just one writer of just one patriotic song, and in these hearts he dwells, a welcome guest absolved from predacious critics. This is better than the Hall of Fame, that mighty mausoleum of the American literati now in expectant incubation. But anyway the human heart is a better place to dwell than amidst cold marble environments, and it is in the heart that Reilly dwells.

It has been said as a reflection upon Americans that they have no sentiment, yet here is a whole state

Oh I want to say, Jim Riley, and I want to say it loud

That the things they tell about you should make you mighty proud;

And it seems your neighbors love you and have loved you many years

For the memories you gave them even though they're filled with tears,

You have shown us nature's glories and you've painted

With the tints of a great master and a vision in your eyes;

And the things that God who made them intended us to see

You have made them plain and splendid with you magic alchemy;

And so I love you, Riley, and I want right here to say

That I'm joining with your neighbors celebrating this glad day.

that they felt. Not alone to children, however, but to us older kids, or those of us whose hearts have not yet petrified.

Over there in Indiana they call him affectionately "Jim" Riley and the little ones in their prayers ask God to make "Jim's" hand well (he has a crippled hand) so that he may write some more poetry. And we join in with the little ones in this.

Riley moves the heart more than

celebrating the birthday of one who just reveled in sentimental things.

Riley spoke understandingly when he wrote to plain people on plain subjects. Every field and wood and stream of his own state were as familiar to him as was his beloved Lock-erbie street, or the little Town O' Tailholt, and he is always best in its dialect. But he is not loved at home only. Everyone with a bit of sentiment whatever, must delight in four-

neying with him through the woods where the whispering winds sing their lullabies, or over clover meadows where the spider's web entangles its jeweled dewdrops. With him we can listen intellibly to the lark's roundelay as it rises on its musical journey over the billowing fields of dappled grain and hear the unuttered note that the poet hears, because his ear is attuned to the inner sounds. The bursting buds of spring and yellowing harvests of summer, and the frost-painted tints—crimson, russet and gold—that bedeck the autumn trees, are pictured by Riley in graphic melody.

And so he leads us in boyhood's happy paths to the "Ole Swimmin' Hole," or "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" for the good big red apples that lie in wait for us.

These are some of the beautiful things that Riley does for us and our senses are made happy and our hearts better by their influence. When he speaks of "Old Fashioned Roses," we see them climbing over the stone wall, or the broken fences on the old farm back home, and we smell the honeysuckle and see the

about them. He lived with them and he loved them, hence can write about them understandingly. Therefore we have learned to love "Jim" Riley, and join with our hearts, if but by proxy, in the birthday celebration.

I hope when "Jim" Riley dies—about fifty years hence—that his neighbors will lay him beside one of his beloved streams and instead of a shaft of marble, will permit a wild rose to clamber over his grave. In the nearby stream will dip the nodding ferns and the lush grasses in tone to the murmuring waters. And there it will be all sweetness and peace forever for his halted muse. Over him the stars will keep watch, and year after year paths will be worn deep in the surrounding meadows by those who come to lay laurel wreaths.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (PUBLISHER)

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. LAND OFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. September 23, 1915

NOTICE is hereby given that Harry H. Gilmore, of Monterey, Cal., who on March 12, 1912, made Homestead Entry, No 05382, for NE 1/4, Section 17, Township 16 S., Range 2 E., M.D. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three-Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the United States Land Office, at San Francisco, Cal., on the 6th day of November, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: G. Large, Walter Durham, Grady Gardner, all of Monterey, Cal., J. C. Dayton, of Salinas, Cal.

J. B. SANFORD, Register

For Sale \$20. Buggy, Saddle, Double and single harness. Address, Box 238, Carmel, Cal.

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October sales

Discounts to customers paying weekly will continue in November

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We know of nothing more delicious than those S. & W. Peeled Apricots---ripe, rich fruit in heavy pure cane sugar---2 tins 55c.

LEIDIG BROS.

R. W. Claiborne of Petersburg, Va., and Sherwood Johnston of Los Mochos, Mexico, will be here for a month.

Miss Margaret McIntyre returns to Honolulu tomorrow.

Mrs. G. N. Graves, Chico; Wm. McDougall and Ray Taylor, San Francisco, are recent arrivals.

Mrs. John E. Miller and Miss Clara A. Miller, of Pasadena, are remaining over for another week.

Arrivals Saturday: Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Nestell, Canaan, Conn.; Mrs. E. M. Ashley, Denver; Mrs. A. Hodder, Boston; Mrs. V. M. Potter, Santa Barbara; Miss E. M. Gamble, St. Louis; Mrs. Geo. E. Bickford, Caroline B. Smith, Brockton, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Johnson, New York; Arthur Wood Booz, Philadelphia; Miss Mary Gardner, George L. Putnam, San Francisco; Mrs. J. E. Gardner, Watonsville.

Meeting to Discuss Reading Circle Plans

The Hillside and Riverside Reading Circles will hold a joint preliminary meeting to talk over plans for the winter season, at Miss I. A. Johnson's home, Monte Verde street and Ninth avenue, this evening at eight. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

There will be a short programme.

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"Pine Cone"
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Don't "Doddle" Out—Wear Out

Our fellow-citizen, William Greer Harrison, has written an interesting little booklet, giving advice on how to grow old properly.

Mr. Harrison ought to know. He is 79 years young, and well and alert.

In his book, entitled "Making a Man," he says "man should wear out—not doddle out."

Wanted By a lady, employment at light household work, on Saturday afternoons, beginning Nov. 6. Address "Employment," Pine Cone office.

New Departure

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WITH THE

Pine Cone Real Estate and Renting Bureau

FOR RENT

LAKE Cottage, San Carlos ave., near 9th ave. Four rooms and bath; improvements. By month \$11; by year \$10. Mrs. M. H. Jaquith, Dolores st. near Tenth ave.

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Four Cottages \$7.50, \$10, \$15, \$20. Bath and electricity; piano in \$20-house. Inquire at Eleventh and Casanova Aves.

CHURCH NOTICES

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SERVICE AT 4 O'CLOCK EVERY SUNDAY, EXCEPT SECOND SUNDAY IN THE MONTH, WHEN THE HOUR IS 11 A.M.

A. W. DARWALL, Rector

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OF THIS
KIND

TO THE
Pine Cone Office

PINE NEEDLES

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sims, former residents of Carmel, are here for a visit.

J. E. Nichols went to the city on Saturday, to be away a week.

San Francisco Day at the exposition. Among others to represent Carmel there will be Mr. and Mrs. Delos Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Arne are visiting the exposition, having departed on Monday.

Mrs. Ruby Goin of Montana and Mrs. Damon of San Jose have been visiting Miss Alta S. Adams.

Douglas Greeley has gone to Sacramento. He has a position there.

Miss Laura Holmes accompanied the Hickses on their return from San Francisco, remaining here a few days.

Mr. W. D. Jones, Saturday for the city, to be away a fortnight.

Postoffice business, especially in the parcel post department, requires more room. Additions will be made soon.

Mrs. T. C. Warren and her son Tommy have gone to their Oakland home. They plan to return here in the spring.

The Carmel library trustees held their regular monthly meeting on Monday afternoon.

There will be a missionary service at All Saints Church next Monday evening. Rev. M. Mullineux is to be one of the speakers.

Rev. W. G. White was down from Santa Rosa to visit his family a few days last week.

Mrs. W. H. Arnold and Mrs. W. W. Waddell have gone to the city for a brief stay.

Last Thursday the Willards left here for their home in Redlands, to remain until they can make arrangements to return here.

Mrs. Ellen S. White left yesterday for Berkeley, where she is to locate permanently. She will be missed here.

After a swell time at the exposition, the Waterburys are back to stay. Mr. Waterbury will go into business here.

Miss Stella Vincent has been engaged as clerk at the Carmel postoffice.

Miss Lillian Herrick was a prize winner at a masque ball given by the junior class of Monterey high school on Saturday night.

Mrs. Maude Arndt is down from San Jose, to stay two or three weeks.

The buildings in the rear of the postoffice and the drug store have been moved onto Ocean avenue, between San Carlos avenue and Mission st.